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LIFE OF DR. EDWIN SANDYS, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

EDWIN SANDYS was born of an ancient and worthy family about the year 1528. Having been carefully educated, and making great proficiency in learning, both in the country and at the Univerſity, he was choſen maſter of Catharine Hall, in Cambridge, and, having commenced Doctor, was appointed Vice Chancellor of that Univerſity. About this time, Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed Queen, and the Duke of Northumberland was ſent with an army to apprehend Lady Mary. When the Duke and his train came to Cambridge, Dr. Sandys was called to preach on the occaſion, which he did, from Joſhua i. 16, 17, 18, in ſo prudent and affectionate a manner, as drew many tears from his auditors. At the requeſt of the Duke and other nobles, he prepared his ſermon for publication. At the inſtant when he was about ſending it to the preſs, he received the melancholy intelligence of the change in the public affairs. A meſſenger came to him, weeping, with the information that the Duke had retired, and that queen Mary was proclaimed. Though this event foreboded ſo much ill to the proteſtant cauſe, and though it was to be expected that a man of his eminence would be among the firſt to experience Queen Mary's reſentment, yet he was no ways daunted; and with his uſual cheerfulneſs, ſent his ſermon to the preſs, and with great compoſure attended his uſual buſineſs, tho' earneſtly ſolicited by his friends to make his eſcape. The ſame night the Duke ſent for him, and was earneſt in his perſuaſions that he ſhould join with him in proclaiming Queen Mary, obſerving that the Queen was merciful, and that he

hoped for a general pardon. Dr. Sandys replied, "My life is not dear to me, neither have I done or ſaid any thing that troubles my conſcience. I have ſpoken nothing, but what the word of God and the laws of the land will bear me out in. But be aſſured, my Lord, you will not eſcape death. If the queen ſhould ſpare you, they that ſhall now rule will kill you."

That night the Duke was apprehended, and ſome attempts were made to aſſault the Doctor's houſe. The next day the Univerſity had a diſorderly meeting; ſent to the Doctor's houſe; took away the ſtatutes and keys; and in the afternoon appointed a meeting, and rang the bell. Dr. Sandys, who was walking in the fields when this happened, returned, called for his attendants, and immediately repairing to the univerſity, took the chair. He addreſſed them on the impropriety of their conduct, charging them with great ingratitude toward him, and affirming that he had ſaid nothing in his ſermon, but what he was ready to juſtify; and that, if he were faulty, they were as deeply guilty, in conſenting at the time to what he had ſpoken. While he was expoſtulating with them, a rabble of papiſts attempted to take him from the chair by violence, telling him it was not his place, calling him traitor, and uſing other opprobrious language. As he was a man of great courage, he felt for his dagger with a reſolution of repelling their violence; but on deliberation, he delivered up every thing belonging to the Univerſity, and praying God to ſubſtitute a better in his room, and to give them better and more thankful hearts, reſigned his office.

The next day he was informed it was the Queen's pleaſure that he, together with the Duke, ſhould be conveyed to the tower. Mr. Mildmay, who had taken arms againſt Queen Mary, but had now eſpouſed her cauſe, obſerved to Dr. Sandys that he wondered ſo learned a man ſhould ſpeak ſo unadviſedly againſt ſo good a prince. He anſwered, I ſhall not be aſhamed of bonds, but if I could do as Mr. Mildmay can, I need not fear them. You came down in arms againſt the Queen. You are now in arms for her. I cannot thus blow hot and cold with one mouth.

As he was conducted to priſon, ſome papiſts aſſembled to jeer at him, and ſome of his friends to mourn for him.

He was treated in a very ſcornful manner, as he was

carried through London. As he entered the Biſhop's gate, a baſe woman threw a ſtone at him, which ſtruck him ſo full on the breaſt, that he was near falling from his horſe. He mildly ſaid to her, Woman, I pray God forgive thee. As he went through tower-ſtreet, another woman, ſtanding in her door, exclaimed, you knave, you traitor, you heretic. At this, he only ſmiled. But another woman on the other ſide ſaid, Fie neighbour, you are not worthy to be called a woman, to rail thus upon this gentleman, whom you do not know, nor yet the cauſe, why he is thus uſed; and turning to the Dr. ſaid, Good gentleman, God be thy comfort, and give thee ſtrength to ſtand in his cauſe, even to the death. Being carried to the tower, the yeoman of the guard took from him whatſoever he had, even to his changes of linen. The firſt three weeks of his confinement he was in a very bad priſon; but was then removed to another, where Mr. John Bradford, an intimate friend of his, was his fellow priſoner. In this priſon they were confined twenty-nine weeks; and, by their affable behaviour and pious converſation, were inſtruments of converting the priſon-keeper, who was a perverſe papiſt.

On the day of the Queen's coronation, the priſon door was left open. A particular friend of his went to him and ſaid, there is ſuch a ſtir in the tower, that neither gates, doors, nor priſoners, are looked after to-day.—Take my cloak, hat and rapier, and ſave yourſelf, and let me do as I may. But the Doctor refuſed his offer, ſaying, I am much obliged to you for your love, but I know no juſt cauſe of my impriſonment, and if I ſhould do this, I ſhould make myſelf guilty. I will wait God's good will.

Dr. Canmer, Dr. Ridley and Mr. Bradford were at length put into one priſon; and Dr. Sandys, with nine other godly miniſters, was removed to the Marſhalſea. As they went, the people every where prayed to God to comfort them, and to ſtrengthen them in his truth.

The keeper of the Marſhalſea ſaid to Dr. Sandys, I perceive that the people would ſet you forward to the fire; but I hope you will not prefer your own knowledge before the judgment of ſo many worthy and learned prelates; if you do, you will find me as ſtrait a keeper, as one that wholly diſlikes your

religion. The Doctor replied, I know myſelf to be young, and my learning to be ſmall. It is enough to know Chriſt crucified, and he hath learned nothing, who does not ſee the great blaſphemy there is in popery. I have read in ſcripture of ſome godly and courteous keepers; God may make you one; if not, I truſt he will give me ſtrength and patience to bear your hard dealing with me. Do you then, ſaid the keeper, reſolve to ſtand by your religion? Yes, ſaid the Doctor, by the grace of God, I do. Truly, ſaid the keeper, I did but try you. You may be ſure of what favour it is in my power to ſhew you, and I ſhall think myſelf happy, if I may die at the ſtake with you. He accordingly ſhewed the Doctor much favour, not ſuffering any irons to be put on him, lodging him in the beſt apartment, permitting him to walk into the fields alone, and ſuffering his wife to viſit him.

When Sir Thomas Wyat came with his army into Southwark, he ſent to Dr. Sandys in priſon, and made him ſome proffers of liberty; but the Doctor bade the meſſengers tell him, that if his riſing were of God he ſhould ſtand, otherwiſe he ſhould fall; that for his own part he was committed by order, and that he would not depart thence unleſs he were diſcharged by like order.

Having continued in that priſon nine weeks, he was liberated by the mediation of Sir Thomas Holcroft, then knight marſhal. Sir Thomas exerted his influence with the Biſhop of Wincheſter, but could obtain no grant for his releaſe, unleſs he would change his religion; but great preferment was promiſed, in caſe he would. By repeated importunities Sir Thomas at length extorted a promiſe from the Biſhop, that in caſe the Queen would grant him his liberty, he would not oppoſe it. By means of two ladies of honour, he then obtained a promiſe from the Queen, that he ſhould have his liberty, if Wincheſter conſented to it. Having this grant, he watched the Biſhop's next going to the Queen, and urging the buſineſs, at laſt prevailed with them, and received a warrant for his releaſe. Wincheſter, however, afterward commanded that he ſhould not be releaſed, unleſs two gentlemen would give a thouſand pound bond that he ſhould not depart the kingdom without licence. Sir Thomas ſeeing this, obtained two gentlemen, who were willing to be

bound with him, and then ſending for Dr. Sandys, imparted the matter to him. The Doctor replied, I give God thanks, who has inclined your heart to be ſo careful of me. I think myſelf much bound to you for your love, which God will requite, nor will I prove ungrateful. But as I came a free man into priſon, ſo will I not go out a bondman. If I cannot benefit my friends, neither will I injure them. If I be ſet at liberty, I ſhall not ſtay ſix days in the realm, if I can get out of it. Therefore if I may not go free, ſend me back to priſon, where you ſhall be ſure of me. Sir Thomas was much troubled at this anſwer, but finding him immoveable in his reſolution, ſaid, I am reſolved to ſet you at liberty, come of it what will; therefore go beyond ſea; but write nothing back hither, leſt you ſhould ruin me. Then in an affectionate manner he bade him farewell.

Dr. Sandys returned that night to the Marſhalſea, and the next day, with many tears, took leave of his fellow priſoners. He went thence to the King's bench priſon to comfort his pious friends, who were in confinement there. Thence he went to a private friend in London, but the next night changed his lodging, hearing that ſearch was made for him.—Complaints had been made to the Biſhop of Wincheſter, that he had ſet at liberty the greateſt heretic in England; on which he commanded all the conſtables in London to ſearch for him, and promiſed a reward to him, who ſhould apprehend him. The Doctor ſhifted from place to place, and directed his man to provide horſes; purpoſing the next day to go into Eſſex, to his father in law, with whom his wife then was. Having ſome apparel, which was made without meaſure, while he was priſoner in the tower, and which did not well fit him, he deſired the good woman of the houſe where he was, to ſend it to the next tailor for ſome alteration, which he propoſed. It ſo happened that the next tailor was the man, by whom it was made, and knew to whom it belonged. Being a proteſtant, he went at midnight to the Doctor's lodgings, and informed him of the inſtructions, which the conſtables (of whom he was one) had received. He informed him further, that it was known that he had provided horſes and was to paſs through Algate, where he would certainly be taken. Therefore, ſaid he, direct your man to walk booted

and ſpurred to-morrow near where your horſes are kept, and in the mean time they ſhall be conveyed to Bednal green privately where I will alſo convey you.

The next day, in the attire of a gentleman, he went, with the tailor for his guide, through back lanes to Moore gate, and thence to Bednal green, where, finding his horſes ready, he took leave of the honeſt tailor, and proceeded to his father in law. Within two hours after his arrival, information was received, that ſome of the guard were coming there to ſeek for him. He was immediately conveyed to an honeſt farmer's near the ſea ſide, where he was concealed two days. Thence he removed to a maſter of a ſhip's houſe at Milton ſhore, where he only waited a wind for his departure. While there, he had an opportunity of preaching to forty or fifty mariners. His exhortations had ſuch influence on them, and gained him ſo much of their eſteem and reſpect, that they all reſolved to die rather than ſuffer him to be apprehended.

When the wind ſerved, they ſet ſail, but the ſhip was not out of ſight, before two of the guard came down to the ſhore in order to apprehend him. They had a good paſſage, and arrived ſafely at Antwerp. While at dinner at the houſe of Mr. Lock, the ſecretary to the Engliſh houſe came, and whiſpering to him, told him that ſearch was making for him. He immediately roſe from dinner, and though it rained very faſt, went out at the gate that leads toward Cleveland, where meeting with a waggon, he haſtened into it, and arrived ſafely at Augſburg. He tarried there fourteen days, and then travelled to Strasborough. When he had been there a year, his wife came to him. While there, he had a dangerous ſickneſs, which continued nine months, and of which he did but juſt recover. He was alſo bereaved of a child, who was taken with the plague, and died. His affliction was greatly increaſed by the loſs of his lovely and pious wife, who was attacked with a conſumption, and expired in his arms. While he remained in Strasborough, he was chiefly ſupported by an Engliſh gentleman of Kent, one who ſuffered exile for the ſame cauſe of Chriſt, whoſe liberality the Doctor afterward thankfully repaid.

After the death of his wife, he travelled to Zurich, Switſerland. He had been there but five weeks, when intelligence arrived of Queen Ma

ry's death. At the ſolicitation of his friends he returned to Straſborough, and then to England; arriving at London on the day of Queen Elizabeth's coronation.

The Queen, for his ſingular piety and learning, advanced him to the Biſhopick of Worceſter, A. D. 1559. In 1570 he was removed to the Biſhoprick of London, and in 1576 he ſucceeded Dr. Grendall in the Archbiſhoprick of York. In all theſe places he governed the church with ſingular prudence and modeſty. He was a man, of whom it is hard to ſay whether he were more famous for his great learning, or admirable virtues.

He died Aug. 8th, A. D. 1588, being about 60 years old, and was buried in the collegiate church of Southwell, in Nottinghamſhire.

For the Magazine.

Meſſrs. Editors,

IF the following extract, from the "Moral Leſſons" of Profeſſor Gellert, wherein he affectionately addreſſes his pupils by way of exhortation, and in a manner which ought to make a deep and influential impreſſion upon all youthful minds, be thought worthy of a page in your intereſting Magazine, it is before you for inſertion.

My young Friends,

"FAIL not to give the higheſt place in your eſtimation to the holy ſcriptures, that treaſure of knowledge and truths, which alone can make us wiſe, virtuous, and happy; that ſource of true contentment, and of the greateſt conſolation in life, and at the hour of death.—I have taken pains to read what the wiſeſt among the ancient philoſophers have beſt thought concerning God, religion, and virtue, as well as concerning man's ſovereign good, and the means of acquiring tranquillity and peace of mind; but I can aſſure you, on my conſcience, that all their wiſdom, compared with the inſtructions contained in the word of God, is but a ſhadow and uncertainty; at moſt, a gloomy light; and moſt frequently, darkneſs, folly, ſuperſtition, and abſurdity. What the philoſophy of our days, rectified on theſe capital points of doctrine, ſays moſt juſt and proper, is derived from the doctrines of the holy ſcriptures. Let me here be allowed to make an ingenuous confeſſion. I have lived fifty years, during which I have had many ſubjects of joy; none of theſe have been more laſting, more innocent, more ſatisfactory to my heart, than thoſe I have ſought and taſted in following the counſels of religion, whoſe mild reſtraints captivated my ſoul.

This I atteſt to be truth on my conſcience. I have lived fifty years, and I have experienced many afflictions, but I never obtained more light in my perplexities, more comfort, more conſolation, more ſtrength and courage in my troubles, than what I have derived from religion: and this I atteſt on my conſcience. I have lived fifty years, and have frequently found myſelf on the borders of the grave; and I have experienced that nothing, no, nothing can help us to triumph over the fears of death, but the divine efficacy of religion in our ſouls; that nothing is ſo powerful for ſtrengthening it in thoſe deciſive moments, in which it ſees itſelf, not without emotion, on the confines of eternity; and for calming us when our conſcience riſes up againſt us, nothing ſo efficacious as faith in our divine Saviour and Redeemer: I atteſt this as in the preſence of God. Oh! if the teſtimony of a friend, of a tutor, can have any weight with you; if mine, my dear young friends, can have any influence over you, whenever any preſumptuous reaſoner would ſet you againſt the doctrine of our holy ſcriptures; or when the infidel, not knowing how to tranquillize his own mind, undertakes to extinguiſh in your's a belief, the holineſs of which confounds him: Oh! chriſtian youth, let him never find one amongſt you, who may dare to deſpiſe the moſt excellent of all books, and make it the ſubject of raillery! The doctrine againſt which they rail is, nevertheleſs, the holy word of God." P. S.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LAST ILLNESS OF THE LATE PROFESSOR GELLERT, OF THE UNIVERSITY IN LEIPSIC, GERMANY.

DURING his laſt illneſs, a firm, but ever humble confidence in the mercy of God, through Jeſus Chriſt, appeared to elevate him above himſelf; and melancholy, the conſtant companion of his life, did not dare follow him to the confines of eternity. He was delivered from his apprehenſions, and, nevertheleſs, preſerved a conſtant ſenſe of his imperfections, and of his unworthineſs in the ſight of the Supreme Being. He fixed his thoughts on the beatitude to which he was approaching; and to conſole his friends, diſtracted by the conviction that medical art tried in vain to prolong his days, he converſed with them on the glorious proſpect before him.

When Gellert had completed his temporal arrangements, maſtering his weak-

neſs and his pains, he ſat up, and, uncovering his head, the hairs of which already began to whiten, he pronounced aloud ſuch fervent prayers, animated with ſo deep a ſentiment of humility, of gratitude, and of love for his God; his looks, raiſed to heaven, expreſſed ſuch a profound peace, ſo celeſtial a joy, that it ſeemed to his friends as if they ſaw the image of a holy patriarch, a Jacob on his death bed bleſſing his children. He endeavoured to recal to his remembrance all the particular bleſſings he had received from Divine goodneſs; he ſpecifically named all thoſe of his friends, who were ſtill alive, many of his abſent diſciples, and recommended them in his prayers to the divine favour and protection. But he did not wholly confine himſelf to the bleſſings he had received; he recalled to his mind his faults, his weakneſſes, and that with ſuch a degree of humility, as produced an indelible impreſſion on the minds of thoſe preſent. This prayer was pronounced with a weak, but very intelligible voice; and the fire of devotion, with which it was animated, filled their eyes with tears, and their hearts with a reſpect for his piety, beyond what they ever felt before.

After having converſed and prayed for ſome time, he fell back on his bed, continued his meditations in ſilence, and thus prepared himſelf for the converſation of a worthy eccleſiaſtic, in whom he had much confidence, and from whoſe hands he wiſhed to receive the holy ſacrament for the laſt time. On the entrance of this friend, the manner, in which Gellert ſpoke to him of his death, ſhewed that nothing diſturbed the inward calm of his mind. He was very attentive to all the words uttered by the pious miniſter; but nothing affected him more, nor excited in his heart a more lively ſentiment of joy, than the conſideration of the infinite love of the Redeemer towards mankind; and this ſentiment was accompanied with the moſt profound reſpect, and the ſincereſt humility. When, amongſt the paſſages of ſcripture ſuited to his ſituation, theſe words, taken from the hiſtory of Lazarus, were pronounced; '*Lord, behold he whom thou loveſt is ſick;*' penetrated with the ſenſe of this paſſage, 'Ah! (exclaimed he) might I be happy enough to be allowed to apply theſe words to myſelf!' His paſtor and his friend making him ſenſible that the chriſtian, who ſeeks ſalvation only in the

merits of his Saviour, may be certain he is the peculiar object of his love, he immediately applied this conſoling promiſe to himſelf: Yes, I hope it, O my Saviour, I hope that thou loveſt me as one of thine own.

The power of theſe ſentiments ſo far exceeded that of his ſufferings, that, in the midſt of the moſt violent pains, no complaint fell from his lips; only he requeſted his friends to pray for him. One of theſe having asked him whether he ſuffered much? 'Moſt aſſuredly,' replied the pious ſufferer; 'but theſe pains are ſupportable.' 'You have already endured many evils with firmneſs and reſignation,' added his friend, 'you will ſtill continue to ſuffer with chriſtian fortitude; that religion, which has ſtrengthened you during your life, will ſupport you in the hour of death.' 'Alas, my dear friend,' replied Gellert, 'I am a weak man, a poor ſinner; pray for me, that I may not yield to temptation.' Sincere as was this confeſſion, as ſincerely did he think himſelf certain of obtaining pardon, through the merits of the Redeemer.

On hearing of his danger, Mr. Heyer came to Leipſic to ſee him; the moment Gellert perceived him, he ſaid, '*This is a truth, and worthy to be received of all men*, that Jeſus Chriſt came into the world to ſave ſinners; this, my dear friend, this is my confeſſion of faith on my death bed. But,' continued he with viſible joy, 'mercy has been extended to me; yes, God extends his mercy to me; this is what I, moreover, acknowledge; it is in this hope that I live, and am going to die.' He then ſet himſelf to exalting aloud, and in the moſt affecting manner, the infinite mercy of God.

Theſe pious diſpoſitions manifeſted themſelves particularly in his laſt communion; and though his illneſs had already reduced him to a deplorable ſtate, he collected all his remaining ſtrength, in order to acknowledge his faults, and make his confeſſion of faith; and the ardent zeal, with which he was animated, muſt have abſorbed at that moment all his ſenſe of ſuffering. He applied to himſelf all the promiſes of grace, which the deeply affected miniſter placed before him from the goſpel, with the utmoſt ardour, and with a tone of voice, which announced the celeſtial joy, with which his heart overflowed; he called on thoſe, who witneſſed this act of religion, to edify themſelves, with him, and to celebrate

the glory of the divine mercy. He at the ſame time aſſured the miniſter, that he had never felt ſo entirely the comfort and efficacy of the evangelical promiſes; and that at this, more than at any other time, he felt how much thoſe are to be pitied, who refuſe to ſeek their conſolation in the Saviour's merits.

Notwithſtanding the violence of his diſorder, nothing could diſturb the courage and ſerenity of his ſoul; and he diſcovered none of thoſe marks of weakneſs, which are too often ſeen in ſimilar circumſtances, even in true chriſtians.

The phyſicians in the mean time tried every thing their art could ſuggeſt, to ſave his life. The news of his deſperate ſtate reached the Elector: much affected by the ſituation of this moſt uſeful citizen, he ordered the able Demiani to go to Leipſic, and to join his endeavours with thoſe of the univerſity phyſicians, to ſave a life he ſo much valued, and deſired to have an exact account of the ſucceſs of their united efforts. Gellert ſubmitted to all their experiments with admirable patience and courage; no complaint eſcaped him, though out of four and twenty hours he was conſtantly obliged to paſs ſixteen under the ſurgeons' hands. All, however, was in vain: neither the skill and aſſiduity of his phyſicians, the zeal and friendſhip, by which they were animated, nor the kind attention of his ſovereign, could arreſt the departure of that life, which every one ſo ardently wiſhed ſhould be prolonged. In the midſt of the violent pains, attendant on an inflammation of the bowels, the pious ſufferer was occupied with the paſſion of his Saviour, who, he ſaid, had ſuffered infinitely more to obtain for him the pardon of his ſins; and his ſoul was ſo entirely abſorbed in the contemplation of this ſalutary death, that he appeared little alive to the ſenſe of his own ſufferings. So much ſtrength and courage does religion communicate to the dying chriſtian!

The freſh proof he received of the intereſt taken in him by the Elector, on the arrival of the phyſician belonging to the court, excited his gratitude, and he loudly praiſed God for this conſolation. 'But,' added he, as if fearful of yielding too much to the pleaſure it gave him; 'let us not place our truſt in princes, they cannot help us, however good they may be, and whatever deſire they may have to be uſeful to us: my help comes from

God!' When M. Demiani expreſſed to him the eſteem and affection the prince had for him, and the alarm his illneſs occaſioned at court, Gellert ſhed tears of gratitude. He fervently prayed for the proſperity of ſo good a ſovereign, and for that of all his family. The ſufferings of our Saviour being conſtantly in his thoughts, he compared afreſh his ſtate with that of Jeſus on the croſs; obſerving, that mere ſubject as he was, he died honoured with the compaſſion of his prince, whilſt the Redeemer of mankind had not even obtained juſtice from men. At a moment when the diſorder ſeemed to have attained its height, he exclaimed with a ſigh, 'O, what ſufferings!' 'But,' reſumed he immediately, 'what are thoſe ſufferings in compariſon of thoſe of my Saviour! He was reviled by thoſe about him; and I, unworthy creature, experience the good will of my prince!' Thus he intermixed acts of thanks for temporal benefits, with teſtimonies of gratitude for the great bleſſing of redemption; and thus in prayers continually renewed, he implored, without ceaſing, his pardon, and the completion of his ſalvation. His intimate friends, reſident at Dreſden, and in particular his beloved Wagner, had haſtened to ſee him; he conſoled them with the moſt affecting tenderneſs, and required from them no other office, than that they would pray for him, and help him to elevate his mind to God, when the violence of his diſorder ſhould make it impoſſible for him to pray himſelf with uninterrupted fervour. 'I find it difficult,' ſaid he, 'to follow what is addreſſed to me; only repeat to me the name of Jeſus; whenever I pronounce it, or hear it pronounced by others, I feel myſelf animated with new ſtrength, and freſh joy.' Full of theſe ſentiments, his deliverance drew nigh. His extenuated body decayed gradually; his ſoul maintained itſelf in that happy tranquillity ariſing from hope. The day preceding his death, ſome hours reſt gave him power to renew his prayers for his ſovereign, his relations, his friends, and the diſciples, who had been entruſted to his care; he named them all, and bleſſed them. His wiſhes in their behalf were his only return to the world he was leaving. At length he thought he felt the final approaches of death, and wiſhed to know of his friends how much longer he might have to ſtruggle with it. On being anſwered, perhaps an

hour; 'God be praiſed,' ſaid he, with looks of joy, and raiſing his hands, 'only one more hour!' Then with a ſtill more ſerene countenance, he turned on his ſide, prayed to God in ſilence, and in the midſt of this prayer, and thoſe of all preſent, who ſurrounded his bed, he ſlept the ſleep of death on the 13th of December, 1769, at midnight.

THE CAPTIVE DAMSEL;

OR THE STORY OF THE LITTLE MAID, WHO WAS CARRIED CAPTIVE FROM THE LAND OF ISRAEL INTO SYRIA.....ILLUSTRATED AND IMPROVED.

BETWEEN the kingdoms of Iſrael and Syria there were almoſt perpetual wars; theſe were carried on in various manner, and with various ſucceſs. In a war of a predatory kind, ſome companies of the Syrians had made incurſions into the land of Iſrael, and returned with ſpoil and captives. Among theſe was *a little maid*, who, for reaſons, which indeed do not appear, was diſtinguiſhed among her fellow priſoners, and ſelected by Naaman, the captain of the hoſt, to be his ſervant. Her years and her amiableneſs prevented her being aſſigned to inferior ſervice, and raiſed her to the office of waiting maid to Naaman's wife. In this ſituation, the ſecret hiſtory and private circumſtances of her diſtinguiſhed maſter and miſtreſs could not long be concealed from her. She ſoon perceived that her maſter, though a ſucceſsful warriour, and in honour with his ſovereign, was groaning under an offenſive and incurable leproſy. Commiſerating his ſituation, and probably hearing her miſtreſs lamenting and bewailing it, in ſome of the ſeaſons of her attending upon her, ſhe ventures to expreſs the benevolence of her heart, and ſay; "Would God, my Lord were with the prophet, that is in Samaria; for he would recover him of his leproſy." This little maid was, doubtleſs, a child from one of the families in Iſrael, that retained the worſhip of the true God, in the midſt of their general idolatry and corruption, a deſcendant of ſome of the ſeven thouſand, who had not bowed the knee to Baal, but honoured and reſpected the prophets of the Lord.—She had been inſtructed in the principles of religion, and ſeems to have profited by them beyond what could have been expected from her years; nay, the ſpirit ſhe diſcovers, and the inferences ſhe draws from what ſhe had ſeen and known, indicate

that religion had taken poſſeſſion of her ſoul. The prophet Eliſha had not in any inſtance, that we know of, healed the leproſy, and reſtored the leper; but he had performed miracles of mercy, that led her to conclude that this alſo was within his commiſſion; and while ſhe felt deſirous of ſo great a bleſſing for her maſter, ſhe doubted not but that the benevolence of the prophet would beſtow it. How much of the ſpirit of genuine piety appears in the temper and conduct of this little girl! How are the feelings of nature for the wrong that was done her by her captors, loſt in her amiable concern for the relief of her maſter? She was torn from her friends, carried off by martial force, reduced to ſlavery; yet, inſtead of indulging mopiſh melancholy, or ſullen obſtinacy...inſtead of cheriſhing ſentiments of revenge, or rejoicing in the calamity of her enemies, and imprecating evil upon them, ſhe cheerfully performs the duties of her ſtation, enters tenderly into the ſuffering circumſtances of the family, in which ſhe is placed, ſympathizes with them, and wiſhes that her country may repay the injury and inſult that ſhe had received, by conferring the greateſt bleſſing on her maſter. "Would God, my Lord were with the prophet, that is in Samaria; for he would recover him of his leproſy." What a bright example for thoſe, that are in her ſtation and condition in life! How greatly would domeſtic happineſs be increaſed, if thoſe, who are waited upon, and thoſe, who wait, poſſeſſed the faith and ſpirit of this little maid, reciprocally wiſhing, and ſtudying to promote each other's comfort!

There muſt have been ſomething peculiarly commanding attention in the diſpoſition and conduct of this little girl, otherwiſe we can by no means account for the impreſſion that her benevolent wiſh made upon her maſter and miſtreſs. Naaman, as ſoon as he was informed of it, reſolved to go and ſeek the prophet. He ſet out with a retinue becoming his rank and dignity, and with ſuch preſents as would command the utmoſt exertions of one, who was influenced by ſiniſter and ſelfiſh views, which, by the men of the world are always imputed to the ſervants of God. He found the reſidence of the prophet, and at his door was met with a meſſenger from the prophet, directing him to go and waſh ſeven times in Jordan, with a promiſe that his leproſy ſhould be

healed, and he ſhould be clean. This uncourtly reception, and, in Naaman's apprehenſion, ridiculous preſcription, had well nigh proved fatal to the objects of his journey. Indignant at the treatment of the prophet, and the ſimpleneſs of the means preſcribed, he turned his horſes towards Syria, and was going home in a rage. But his ſervants, cooler, if not wiſer, than their maſter, drew near, and expoſtulated with him, ſaying, "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do ſome great thing, wouldſt thou not have done it? How much rather then, when he ſaith to thee, waſh and be clean?" Words ſo fitly ſpoken could ſcarce fail of their effect. Naaman felt the force of them, went and dipped himſelf ſeven times in Jordan, according to the direction of the prophet, and his fleſh came again like the fleſh of a little child, and he was clean. Aſtoniſhment and admiration ſucceed anger; with a temper, bordering on adoration, Naaman returns to the prophet, and profeſſes his full conviction that Jehovah was the true God, and that there was no God beſide him; and declares his fixed reſolution that he would henceforth worſhip no other God. He urges upon the prophet the liberal preſents he had bro't, which the prophet generouſly and perſeveringly refuſed; but granted, at the requeſt of Naaman, a mule's burden of the earth of Iſrael, to form an altar in Syria, on which to offer ſacrifice to Jehovah. Thus Naaman returned perfectly cured of his leproſy, a convert to the Jews' religion, and carried the knowledge and worſhip of the true God into his own country, and, we would fondly hope, became a ſubject of grace, and heir of glory. All this good was the reſult of the apparently incidental information of this little girl. What a revenue of praiſe to God! What a harveſt of good to man! That ſhe was able to give this information, was the reſult of the early religious education, that ſhe had received. The care of her parents or guardians, in inſtructing her in the principles of the Jewiſh religion, bringing her acquainted with the prophet, his inſtructions and miracles, ſeems to have been the mean of her diſtinction among her fellow priſoners, of her eaſe and amiableneſs in her captivity, of the healing and converſion of her maſter, and of the introduction of the knowledge and worſhip of the true God into Syria. And ſhall we not,

chriſtian reader, from the ſtory of this little maid, receive motives and arguments of impoſing influence, to excite us to attend to the religious inſtruction of our children? A duty, which it is too notorious is very greatly neglected, to the injury of our children, of ſociety, and of the intereſts of Chriſt's kingdom in the world.

If we regard only the preſent reputation, comfort and happineſs of our children, in what way can we, with ſo much probability of ſucceſs, ſecure theſe, as by giving them a religious education, and early impreſſing their minds with a ſenſe of the being and government of God, and of the truth and excellency of our holy religion in its doctrines and duties? We know not what our children may be, nor into what ſtations Providence may call them; but the fear of God, and the influence of his grace and truth, will be the beſt preparative for every ſtation.

The revolutions and changes, that every year produces, render it far from impoſſible that our children ſhould be in the ſtation of this little maid. How much would the fear and love of God, the reſtraints of grace upon their paſſions and appetites, and its influence upon their temper, diſpoſition, and conduct, miniſter to their reputation, comfort, and uſefulneſs! Is there not reaſon to believe, that this was the cauſe of the diſtinction and comfort of the little maid with Naaman? But if our children ſhould not be reduced to a ſtate of ſervitude, or be dependant upon others for their ſupport, they may be reduced to the ſtraits of poverty, at ſome more advanced period of their pilgrimage. What can miniſter more to their reputation and comfort, than practically to believe the diſpoſing and governing providence of God? to ſubmit with meekneſs to his diſpoſal, and in the diſcharge of duty with humble confidence to hope and wait for his ſalvation? With peace of conſcience for their pillow, contentment for their daily fare, the righteouſneſs of ſaints for their clothing, the graces of the ſpirit and the temper and converſation of the goſpel for their ornaments, they cannot be greatly wretched. They may look up to many rich and voluptuous characters with commiſeration, who may look down upon them with envy; for a man's life does not conſiſt in the abundance of the things, which he poſſeſſes. God's

favour is life, and his loving kindneſs is better than life.

If, on the other hand, God in his providence ſhould grant our children worldly proſperity, pour the riches of this world into their laps, and raiſe them to eminent ſtations; what affords ſo great ſecurity againſt the ſnares and temptations, the follies and indiſcretions, of thoſe ſlippery places, as the knowledge, fear, and love of God? Where can you find ſo powerful an incentive to the faithful diſcharge of the duties of thoſe ſtations, as a principle of real piety affords, a conſciouſneſs that we muſt account for all the talents we have received, and be judged according to the deeds done in the body? Godlineſs hath the promiſe of the life that now is.—If we regard only the intereſts of our children, and their intereſts only in the preſent life, we cannot juſtify a neglect of a very careful religious education of them. But the evil conſequences of ſuch neglect are infinitely heightened by conſidering its probable effect upon their future everlaſting intereſts.

PHILOS TECHNOON.

CONFORMITY TO THE WORLD.
No. IV.

In the chriſtian world, it is very generally cuſtomary to obtain baptiſm for infants. Some do this merely as a matter of faſhion or decency; and ſome from a miſtaken idea of the amazing efficacy, which this ordinance has on the child's ſpiritual ſtate. But however they may vary in their firſt motives, they generally agree in their total neglect of all the practical uſes of baptiſm. They do not conſider themſelves as lain under obligation to uſe all poſſible exertions, that their children may be conformed to the ſpirit and deſign of that religion, into which they are baptized. They do not, with ſuitable fidelity, teach them the doctrines of Chriſt, nor direct their attention to his perſon, his examples, his death, and his atonement. They do not ſtrive, with becoming zeal and addreſs, to counteract the firſt exerciſes of haughtineſs, revenge and pride; and to lead them to imitate the *meekneſs and gentleneſs of Chriſt*. They frequently cheriſh and applaud, in their children, thoſe diſpoſitions, which are in direct contrariety to the meek, benevolent and forgiving doctrines of the goſpel. They do not bring them up as children of the church, babes in Chriſt, and lambs of his flock: nor do they ſtudy their particular tempers, nor

take advantage of occaſions and circumſtances, to pour into their minds a knowledge of truth, and to impreſs them with its weight.

Be not conformed to this world. If it be of any importance, that children ſhould be initiated into the church by baptiſm, it is ſtill more ſo, that they ſhould be formed after the pattern of that religion, into which they are baptized. This ordinance is the ſign or token of that inward purity, to which the goſpel is deſigned to bring us. *It is not the putting away of the filth of the fleſh, but the anſwer of a good conſcience.* Parents ought not therefore to be contented with the form, the outward ordinance, without doing whatever is in their power, towards bringing their children to the knowledge and love of Chriſt. As public inſtructors are ordained to aſſiſt the devotions of the church, and to declare the doctrines and duties of the goſpel, ſo ought the private chriſtian to officiate as prieſt in his own houſe, explaining the doctrines, enforcing the duties of religion, and ſpreading before the Lord the ſituation and wants of his family.

LEIGHTON.

For the Magazine.

ON CONTENTMENT.

No. I.

It is not an uncommon thing for perſons to be diſtruſtful of divine Providence, and to be of an uneaſy, impatient diſpoſition, under its allotments. But few, comparatively, ſeem to poſſeſs that calm and contented mind, which is ſo much the duty, and ſo much the ornament of chriſtianity. Among all claſſes of men diſcontent is admitted, and by ſome of all ranks and conditions is indulged. The rich, the honourable, and the great, are not always free from it; but are ſometimes haraſſed with it, even more than the poor, the deſtitute, and the deſpiſed. Wherever it is found prevailing, it is no leſs the unhappineſs, than it is the fault of thoſe, who indulge it. To murmur againſt the diſpenſations of Providence, or to be diſcontented and fretful under ſuch things as are allotted us in life, is inconſiſtent both with the dictates of reaſon, and the ſpirit of chriſtianity. And yet how often are ſuch murmuring and diſcontent to be found among men? How few have learned, with the apoſtle Paul, to be contented in whatſoever ſituation Providence is

pleaſed to place them? The apoſtle Paul, though he paſſed through a great variety of ſcenes, though hardſhips and ſufferings attended him, and he was in bonds, impriſonments and neceſſities often, yet he learned to be content, learned the divine art of bringing his mind to his condition, and of making the beſt of thoſe circumſtances, into which he was brought in the courſe of divine Providence. He could ſay, *I have learned, in whatſoever ſtate I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abaſed, and I know how to abound; every where and in all things, I am inſtructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to ſuffer need:*— ſo that, however his outward condition varied, he could maintain an even diſpoſition of mind, accommodating himſelf to what was allotted him. When he *abounded* and was *full*, he could carry ſuch an equal frame of ſpirit, as not to be led away with pride, luxury, or abuſe of the good things conferred upon him; and when he was *abaſed*, *hungry* and *ſuffered want*, as was ſometimes the caſe, he could accommodate himſelf to his condition, ſo as not to be overcome by the temptations of it, either to loſe his comfort in God, to diſtruſt his Providence, or to take any unlawful courſes to obtain relief. He could ſubmit to circumſtances of poverty and affliction, when called thereto, as well as maintain a ſuitable frame of mind in a ſtate of wealth and proſperity; having *learned, in whatſoever ſtate he was, therewith to be content.*

I ſhall take occaſion, therefore, from the example of the apoſtle, and from ſome other conſiderations, to recommend the duty of contentment.

By *contentment*, we are not to underſtand that eaſy, careleſs, unconcerned diſpoſition, which many diſcover, who are unmoved by ſuch things, as they ought to be affected with; but we are to underſtand that acquieſcence of mind in the portion of outward things allotted us, and that cheerful ſubmiſſion to the diſpenſations of providence, which ariſes from a due ſenſe of the divine perfections, and of the equity, wiſdom and goodneſs of the divine government. To be contented implies our being willing to take that place, and to be in thoſe circumſtances, in which God is pleaſed to fix us. It is to be ſo ſatisfied with our condition, as that anxiety is not allowed to diſturb our minds, nor deſires of change to

trouble our ſpirits, or diſcompoſe us in the diſcharge of duty. To be contented according to the divine requirement, is to entertain all occurrences of life, even the moſt adverſe diſpenſations of heaven, not only with patience and reſignation....not only with collection and compoſure, but with real complacency and cheerfulneſs of mind, *counting it all joy*, not only when we meet with the ſmiles of proſperity, but, as the apoſtle expreſſes it, *when we fall into divers temptations* or trials, *knowing that the trying of our faith worketh patience, and that patience worketh experience, and experience hope, which maketh not aſhamed.* As all things are wiſely ordered out, and are made to work together for good to them who love God, we have never reaſon to be uneaſy or diſcontented with our condition, whatever it may be in the courſe of divine Providence. If we feel that diſpoſition, which we ought to feel, a ſtate of adverſity or affliction will be as good, and may be even better for us, than a ſtate of worldly comfort and proſperity. And, therefore, *in whatſoever ſtate we are*, it becomes us *therewith to be content.*

More particularly, that we might be led to exerciſe contentment with the condition allotted us, and to feel duly reſigned under all events that take place reſpecting us, let us conſider the following things, viz.

1. That God, who is the great Creator, ſole Proprietor, and ſupreme Governor of all things, has a ſovereign right to aſſign every man his ſtation, and to allot every one his portion in life, as he judges fit. Being infinite in wiſdom, and boundleſs in goodneſs, he both knows better than we do ourſelves what condition is fitteſt for us, and will be ſure to appoint us what he ſees, upon the whole, to be beſt and moſt convenient. And, therefore, we have always reaſon to be eaſy and contented, and even to rejoice, in that our concerns are lodged in his hands. Were the ordering of our condition, were the management of our affairs, put into our own power, and left at our own diſpoſal, it would not be ſo good nor ſo ſafe for us.

It is natural for mankind to think, that it would be better, eſpecially in ſome reſpects, to have things left more at their own choice and diſpoſal; that if they might carve out their own condition, they could make the moſt admirable proviſion for themſelves; that if, at

their own will, they might raiſe their fortune to ſuch a pitch, or place themſelves in ſuch a ſtation of worldly pleaſure, honour or authority, they ſhould be happy indeed, and ſhould have it in their power to do much more good in the world; and that, therefore, it would be beſt to have things thus left at their own diſpoſal. But, alas! they weigh not the ſubject properly. They do not conſider how many inconveniences would follow upon their being thus left to chooſe for themſelves. They neither know nor realize what dangers and difficulties they might meet with, or what ſnares and temptations would lie in the way of their choice. They conſider not how their humours and paſſions would be apt to vary with their circumſtances, nor how their everlaſting intereſts might be endangered by a change of their condition. They conſider not that a ſtate of wealth and proſperity is oftentimes attended with pride, luxury, forgetfulneſs of God and duty, and ſometimes with covetouſneſs and and ſuch deſires of adding ſtill to their ſtore, as make men truly unhappy, in the midſt of all their poſſeſſions. They are not duly ſenſible how dangerous a thing it is to be lifted up among the great, the noble and the mighty, who always lie expoſed to the malice and envy of others, and who need uſe a great deal of circumſpection and care, to ſecure their virtue, and keep themſelves from falling.—Seeing, then, that the moſt flattering conditions men can propoſe to themſelves, or could put themſelves into, were it left to their own choice, would be ſo likely to make them wretched, it is certainly much more prudent, as well as much more pious, to reſign up our choice to the providence of God, to acquieſce in his diſpoſal, and to think thoſe circumſtances moſt proper, in which he is pleaſed to place us. For, were God to give way to the importunity of our complaints, and grant us all our wiſhes and requeſts reſpecting our outward condition in life, it would moſt likely prove both our miſery here, and our ruin hereafter. Aſſured may we be, that it is infinitely beſt the government of our circumſtances in life ſhould be in the hands of God. He has a perfect knowledge of our capacities and inclinations, and clearly diſcerns what effect every condition would have upon us. He foreſees what miſeries we ſhould plunge into, if we were truſted to chooſe

for ourſelves....on what rocks we ſhould run, if we were left to ſteer our own courſe in life; and, therefore, in pure mercy and goodneſs, he reſtrains us from ſo dangerous a freedom, denies us our hurtful wiſhes, and, as it were, makes us happy againſt our natural inclinations.—Being then much more ſecure in God's hands, than we ſhould be in our own, how unreaſonable, how ungrateful muſt it be, to murmur at his allotments, and to be diſſatisfied with thoſe things, which are the reſult of his wiſdom and goodneſs? Nay, how highly does it become us to be eaſy with his government, to rejoice that the Lord reigns, and in whatſoever ſtate we are, therewith to be content.

PAULINUS.

PRESIDENT EDWARDS' RESOLUTIONS.

FEW men of the preſent age have been more diſtinguiſhed for deep erudition, fervent piety, extenſive uſefulneſs and ſucceſs in the miniſtry, than Preſident Edwards. It is intereſting and inſtructive to trace the ſteps and the means, by which ſuch men arrived at eminence. Wherin they followed Chriſt, their example ought ſtrongly to influence and excite us to *go and do likewiſe.* The following reſolutions, extracted from the private writings of Mr. Edwards and publiſhed in his life, develope a number of traits in his character, and diſcover ſome of the various means which he employed to increaſe his knowledge, grace and uſefulneſs. From his diary, theſe reſolutions appear to have been formed in the early part of life, not all at one time, but as occaſions ſuggeſted; not in haſte, but after mature deliberation; not in his own ſtrength, but depending on the grace of Chriſt to enable him to carry them into execution; once made, they were not immediately laid aſide, or forgotten; but were the rules of his life, to which he endeavoured conſtantly to adhere. They, doubtleſs, were of ſervice to him, and may be to others, who have earneſtly ſet their faces heaven-ward.

His Reſolutions.

Being ſenſible that I am unable to do any thing without God's help, I do humbly intreat him by his grace to enable me to keep theſe reſolutions, ſo far as they are agreeable to his will, for Chriſt's ſake.

Remember to read over theſe reſolutions once a week.

1. Reſolved, That I will

do whatſoever I think to be moſt for God's glory, and my own good, profit and pleaſure in the whole of my duration, without any conſideration, whether now, or never ſo many myriads of ages hence. Reſolved to do this, whatever I think to be my duty, and moſt for the good and advantage of mankind in general. Reſolved to do this, whatever difficulties I meet with, how many and how great ſoever.

2. Reſolved, To be continually endeavouring to find out ſome new invention and contrivance to promote the forementioned things.

3. Reſolved, Never to do any manner of thing whether in ſoul or body, leſs or more, but what tends to the glory of God; nor be, nor ſuffer it, if I can avoid it.

4. Reſolved, Never to loſe one moment of time; but improve it the moſt profitable way I poſſibly can.

5. Reſolved, To live with all my might, while I do live.

6. Reſolved, Never to do any thing, which I ſhould be afraid to do, if it were the laſt hour of my life.

7. Reſolved, To think much on all occaſions of my own dying, and of the common circumſtances, which attend death.

8. Reſolved, When I think of any theorem in divinity to be ſolved, immediately to do what I can towards ſolving it, if circumſtances do not hinder.

9. Reſolved, To be endeavouring to find out fit objects of charity and liberality.

10. Reſolved, Never to do any thing out of revenge.

11. Reſolved, never to ſuffer the leaſt motions of anger to irrational beings.

12. Reſolved, That I will live ſo as I ſhall wiſh I had done when I come to die.

13. Reſolved, To live ſo at all times, as I ſhall think beſt in my moſt devout frames, when I have cleareſt notions of things of the goſpel, and another world.

14. Reſolved, To maintain the ſtricteſt temperance in eating and drinking.

15. Reſolved, Never to do any thing, which, if I ſhould ſee in another, I ſhould count a juſt occaſion to deſpiſe him for, or to think any way the more meanly of him.

16. Reſolved, Whenever I do any conſpicuouſly evil action, to trace it back, till I come to the original cauſe; and then both carefully endeavour to do ſo no more, and to fight and pray with all my might againſt the original of it.

17. Reſolved, To ſtudy

the ſcriptures ſo ſteadily, conſtantly and frequently, that I may find and plainly perceive myſelf to grow in the knowledge of the ſame.

18. Reſolved, To ſtrive to the utmoſt every week to be brought higher in religion, and to a higher exerciſe of grace, than I was the week before.

19. Reſolved, To be ſtrictly and firmly faithful to my truſt, that that in Prov. xx. 6, *A faithful man who can find?* may not be partly fulfilled in me.

20. Reſolved, Always to do what I can towards making, maintaining and eſtabliſhing peace, when it can be without overbalancing detriment in other reſpects.

21. Reſolved, In narrations, never to ſpeak any thing but the pure and ſimple verity.

22. Reſolved, Never to ſpeak evil of any, except I have ſome particular good call for it.

23. Reſolved, To enquire every night, as I am going to bed, wherein I have been negligent, what ſin I have committed, and wherein I have denied myſelf: alſo at the end of every week, month and year.

24. Reſolved, Never to ſpeak any thing that is ridiculous, or matter of laughter on the Lord's day.

25. Reſolved, Never to do any thing that I ſo much queſtion the lawfulneſs of, as that I intend, at the ſame time, to examine afterwards, whether it be lawful or no; except I as much queſtion the lawfulneſs of the omiſſion.

26. Reſolved, To aſk myſelf at the end of every day, week, month, and year, wherin I could have done better.

27. Reſolved, Frequently to renew the dedication of myſelf to God, which was made at my baptiſm; which I ſolemnly renewed, when I was received into the communion of the church; and which I have ſolemnly remade this 12 Jan. 1722—3.

28. Reſolved, Never hence forward, till I die, to act as if I were any way my own, but entirely and altogether God's.

29. Reſolved, Never to allow the leaſt meaſure of any fretting uneaſineſs at my father or mother: Reſolved to ſuffer no effects of it, ſo much as in the leaſt alteration of ſpeech, or motion of my eye: and to be eſpecially careful of it, with reſpect to any of our family.

30. Reſolved, To endeavour to my utmoſt to deny whatever is not moſt agreeable to a good, and univerſally ſweet and benevolent,

quiet, peaceable, contented, eaſy, compaſſionate, generous, humble, meek, modeſt, ſubmiſſive, obliging, diligent and induſtrious, charitable, even, patient, moderate, forgiving, ſincere temper; and to do at all times what ſuch temper would lead me to: Examine ſtrictly every week whether I have done ſo.

31. Reſolved, Conſtantly, with the utmoſt niceneſs and diligence, and the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny, to be looking into the ſtate of my ſoul, that I may know whether I have truly an intereſt in Chriſt or no; that when I come to die, I may not have any negligence reſpecting this to repent of.

32. Reſolved, That I will act ſo as I think I ſhall judge would have been beſt, and moſt prudent, when I come into the future world.

33. I frequently hear perſons in old age ſay how they would live, if they were to live their lives over again: Reſolved, that I will live juſt ſo, as I can think I ſhall wiſh I had done, ſuppoſing I live to old age.

34. Whenever I hear any thing ſpoken in converſation of any perſon, if I think it would be praiſeworthy in me, Reſolved to endeavour to imitate it.

35. Reſolved, To endeavour to my utmoſt to act as I can think I ſhould do, if I had already ſeen the happineſs of heaven, and hell torments.

36. Reſolved, Never to give over, nor in the leaſt to ſlacken my fight with my corruptions, however unſucceſsful I may be.

37. Reſolved, When I fear misfortunes and adverſities, to examine whether I have done my duty, and reſolve to do it; and let it be juſt as providence orders it, I will as far as I can, be concerned about nothing but my duty and my ſins.

38. Reſolved, Never to do any thing but duty; and then, according to Eph. vi. 6, 7, 8, do it willingly and cheerfully as unto the Lord, and not to man; knowing, that whatever good thing any man doth, the ſame ſhall he receive of the Lord.

39. Reſolved, Very much to exerciſe myſelf in this all my life long, viz. with the greateſt openneſs I am capable of, to declare my ways to God, and lay open my ſoul to him; all my ſins, temptations, difficulties, ſorrows, fears, hopes, deſires, and every thing, and every circumſtance, according to Dr. Manton's 27th ſermon on the 119th Pſalm.

40. Reſolved, After afflic-

tions, to inquire what I am the better for them, what good I have got by them, and what I might have got by them.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

From the Chriſtian Obſerver.

THE DEATH-BED OF A FREE-THINKER, EXEMPLIFIED IN THE LAST HOURS OF THE HONOURABLE FRANCIS NEWPORT, SON TO THE LATE LORD NEWPORT.

At ſixteen, the honourable Francis Newport was ſent to the Univerſity, perfectly acquainted with the Latin and Greek languages: where he continued five years, and behaved ſo agreeably to his religious education, that he was looked upon as a bleſſing and ornament to his family.

At twenty-one, he came to London and entered himſelf at ——, to ſtudy the law. His new acquaintance began to rally him for his religion: to whom he would ſay, "Gentlemen, you who pretend to reaſon, cannot count laughter a concluſive argument; if religion be ſo abſurd, as you would have me believe, why do not you give ſome fair reaſons againſt it?" This ſome of them would attempt; and though their arguments at firſt were as unſucceſsful as their raillery, yet the poiſon ſunk by degrees, and at laſt tainted him as deeply as themſelves. He was adopted into their ſociety, which met to lay down rules for being ſo critically wicked, that the law ſhould not be able to take hold of them. He had too much prudence to lay himſelf open: he ſtill kept a fair correſpondence with his friends, and in ſtrange places was ſober and reſerved; but in ſecret, and among his acquaintance, he was as wicked as good parts, abundance of temptations, and a fair eſtate, enabled him to be.

On November 30, 1692, he was ill; and found, notwithſtanding all his precautions, that he had not ſhook off the expectations of another life.

This made him throw himſelf upon a bed, and break out into theſe expreſſions: "Whence this war in my breaſt? What argument is there now to aſſiſt me againſt matter of fact? Do I aſſert that there is no hell, while I feel one in my own boſom? Am I certain there is no after-retribution, when I feel a preſent judgment? Do I affirm my ſoul to be as mortal as my body, when this languiſhes, and that is vigorous as ever? O! that any one could reſtore me to my ancient guard of piety and innocence! Wretch that I am! whither ſhall I fly from this breaſt? what will become of me?"

One of his old companions coming in, ſaid "How now, brother! why this? why this melancholy poſture? what is the matter?" He replied, "It is you and your companions, who have inſtilled your principles into me, which now, when I have moſt need of them, leave me in confuſion and deſpair. What advice or comfort have you now to fortify me with, againſt the fearful expectations of another life? Are you ſure that the ſoul is material and mortal, and that it will diſſolve with the body?" "So certain," replied the other, "that I venture my whole upon it."

Here I interrupted them by coming into the room; and, applying myſelf to the ſick perſon, told him, I was a ſtranger to him, but hearing he was ill, I thought it my duty to offer him what ſervice I was capable of. "I thank you," ſays he; "I deſire you to engage that gentleman,

that ſits there, and prove to him that the ſoul is not matter, nor mortal." This I endeavoured to do by ſeveral arguments; to which the ſick gentleman anſwered only with a ſigh, whilſt his friend made haſte out of the room. I was ſurprized at ſuch an effect, and deſired to know the reaſon. "Alas! ſir," ſaid he, "you have undeceived me too late; I was afraid of nothing ſo much as the immortality of the ſoul: now you have aſſured me of that, you have aſcertained me of a hell, and a portion among thoſe, who have apoſtatized from their religion. You have now ſealed my damnation, by giving me an earneſt of it; I mean an awakened conſcience, that brings my ſins into remembrance, by reckoning up the numerous catalogue, for which I muſt go and give an account. O! apoſtate wretch, from what hopes art thou fallen! O that I had never known what religion was; then I had never denied my Saviour, nor been ſo black an heir of perdition!"

I ſtood ſpeechleſs ſome time at the ſtrange expreſſions; but, as ſoon as I could recollect myſelf, ſaid, "Sir, I would have you take care how you violate the mercy of God, and think ſo lightly of the ſufferings of CHRIST, as if they were not ſufficient for the redemption of the greateſt ſinners. This may be a deluſion of the devil. If you are convinced the ſoul is immortal, I hope it is to a good end; if you had died ignorant of it, you had been miſerably undeceived in another world; now you have ſome time to prepare for your welfare."

To which he replied—"As to the mercies of GOD in CHRIST, I once knew and taſted what they were; which is now part of my curſe, in that I am now ſenſible of my loſs; they are, I grant you, ſufficient for thoſe, that have any ſhare in them; but what is that to me, who have denied Chriſt? I have daily crucified him afreſh, and put him to an open ſhame. The devil has nothing to do with the torture I undergo; it is no deluſion of his, but the juſt judgment of God; and it is alſo a part of my heavy judgment, that you have given me a ſenſible horror of my ſin, by proving my ſoul is immortal. Had I gone ſtrait to hell in my old opinion, I had endured but one hell, whereas I now feel two; I mean not only an inexpreſſible torture, which I carry in my own breaſt, but an expectation of I know not what change. O that I were in hell, that I might feel the worſt! and yet I fear to die, becauſe the worſt will never have an end." All this he ſpoke with an air of eagerneſs, and ſuch horror as is ſcarce to be imagined.

He was got to bed, refuſing all ſuſtenance, and had an exceeding ſweating, through the extremity of his torments.

Before I took my leave of him, I deſired to pray by him; which with much reluctance he conſented to. In the midſt of prayer, he groaned extremely, toſſing himſelf as if he was in the agonies of death. When prayer was over, I asked him the reaſon of it.

He anſwered—"As the damned in hell, who lift up their eyes in torments, and behold afar off the ſaints in Abraham's boſom, have thereby their torments doubled, firſt, by reflecting on the miſery they are in; and, ſecondly, by obſerving the happineſs they have loſt: ſo I, knowing myſelf to be hardened, and ſealed to damnation, hearing the prayers of the righteous, to which God's ears are ever open; this increaſes my torment, to think how I am excluded from ſuch a privilege, and have no other portion left me than blaſpheming, weeping, wailing, and gnaſhing of teeth forever."

"Pray, Sir," ſaid I, "conſider there is a vaſt difference between you and them in hell; they are loſt irrecoverably forevermore, without any op-

portunity of a reprieve, or hope of pardon ; you are yet alive, and have the promiſes, in common with other ſinners : Chriſt died for ſinners ; and God hath ſworn by himſelf, *As I live, ſaith the Lord, I would not the death of a ſinner ; but would rather that he turn from his wickedneſs, and live.*"

He replied with his uſual earneſtneſs, " I will grant as much difference between me and thoſe in hell, as between a common devil and a devil incarnate : if theſe are irrecoverably loſt, without opportunity of reprieve, or hopes of pardon, and I am yet alive, what then ? what is the conſequence ? Not that the promiſes belong in common to me with other ſinners, nor to any ſinners, but ſuch as believe and repent. If Chriſt died for ſinners, it was ſuch as repent and believe ; but though I would, I can do neither : I have outſtood my day of grace, am hardened and reprobate. If God delight not in the death of ſinners, it is of ſuch ſinners as repent and turn to him ; but his juſtice will vindicate itſelf on ſuch obſtinate ſinners as me, who have denied his power and providence, both in my words and actions. Now he has met with me for it ; and O ! it is *a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.* If God was not againſt me, I ſhould not care, though all the power and malice of men were joined againſt me ; though all the legions of hell continued to torture me with the moſt conſuming pains : but when an irreconcilable God looks down upon his creature in wrath, and conſigns him over to eternal vengeance, this is intolerable, inexpreſſible ! ah, who can dwell with eternal burnings ! O ye, that have any hope, that have not yet paſſed the day of grace, cry mightily to God day and night : think no labour too much to ſecure you from the wrath of God. *O ! who can ſtand before him, when he is angry ?* What ſtubble can reſiſt that conſuming fire ?" This, and more to the ſame purpoſe, he ſpoke with ſo deep a concern, the tears all the while trickling down his face, that no one in the room could forbear weeping. Which he perceiving, ſaid, " If ye weep at the image and bare relation of the effects of God's wrath, what then do I ſuffer, who actually lie under the very weight of his fury ? Refrain your tears, for it is in vain : pity is no debt to me : nothing is ſo proper for me, as ſome curſe to complete my miſery, and free me from the torment of expectation." Here he pauſed a while ; then looking towards the fire, he ſaid, " Oh, that I was to lie and broil upon that fire a thouſand years, to purchaſe the favour of God, and be reconciled to him again ! But it is a fruitleſs wiſh ; millions of millions of years will bring me no nearer the end of my torments, than one poor hour. Oh, eternity, eternity ; who can diſcover the abyſs of eternity ? Who can paraphraſe upon theſe words, *forever and ever ?*"

It began to grow late ; ſo I took my leave of him for that night, promiſing to come again the next day ; when I found his mind in the ſame condition ſtill, but his body much weakened : there were with him three or four divines, who had been at prayer ; which, they told me, had the ſame uneaſy effect upon him as before.

One of them reminded him that Peter denied his Maſter with oaths and curſes, and was yet received again into his favour.

He replied, " It is true, Peter did deny his Maſter, as I have done, but what then ? His Maſter prayed for him, that his faith ſhould not fail ; accordingly he looked him into repentance, and aſſiſted him by his Spirit to perfect it. Now, if he would aſſiſt me to repent, I ſhould do ſo too ; but he has juſtly withdrawn his interceſſion from me : I have grieved his Holy

Spirit ſo often, that he has taken him from me, and in the room thereof has left me the ſpirit of impenitence and reprobation; and given me a certain earneſt of a fearful inheritance in another life." He ſpoke little more that day; much company preſſing towards night, orders were given to prevent it: at ſix of the clock, we all looked upon one another to know what courſe to take; no text being offered in his favour, but which he turned another way.

While we were thus muſing, he cried out with the utmoſt vehemence, "How long, O Lord, ſhall thy wrath burn forever againſt me? Shall thy eternal juſtice exact upon a poor deſpicable worm? What is my value or worth, that thou ſhouldeſt pour out full vials of wrath upon me? Oh, that thou wouldſt let go thy hand forever, forget, and let me fall into my firſt nothing! As my righteouſneſs could have profited thee nothing, ſo my impieties can have done thee no hurt; therefore annihilate me, and let me periſh. Be not angry that I thus expoſtulate with thee; it will be but a little while before thy wrath ſhall force the dreadfulleſt blaſphemies from me. Oh, that thou wouldſt take away my being, or miſery: neither can increaſe or diminiſh thy happineſs; and therefore let them both ceaſe, and let my name be known no more. But if I muſt be, and be immortal, and thou wilt puniſh me becauſe I have deſpiſed thee; let a privation of thought ſuffice, and let me paſs my eternity in a dream, without ever being awakened by the pangs of torment, or by the gnawing of the worm that never dies. But, oh, fruitleſs deſires! I am expoſtulating with a God that forever hath ſhut out my prayers; and only protracts my breath a little longer, to make me an example to others. O! ye rocks and mountains, that ye would cover and hide me from the wrath of an incenſed God: but I cannot flee from his preſence: what he hath begun he will finiſh. He will extend his wrath againſt me forever and ever."

Here ſome one knocked at the door, and it proved to be the poſtman, with a letter for him: which being told him, "How, (ſaid he) a letter for me! A little longer, and I expect another ſort of meſſage: I am very ſhortly to give an account of every ſecret action I have done; and I have a mind to make an experiment to ſee how I can bear it. Pray Sir," added he to me, "do me the favour to read me this letter. The contents I know not, but I ſuſpect it comes from ſome of my old acquaintance." I deſired to be excuſed, alleging there might be ſomething in it improper to be divulged. "Nothing," replied he, "can affect me now; I have no honour, no reputation, and, what is yet worſe, no heaven to loſe by this or any other act." Upon this, I broke it open. The letter received was as follows:

Deareſt Sir,

"Underſtanding you are dangerouſly ill, and that it has had a melancholy effect upon you, I could not (conſidering our ſtrict friendſhip) but endeavour to remove thoſe evils your mind may be under; which perhaps is an office no leſs grateful, than making the body found. Sickneſs and death are the common lot of mankind; and to repine and grieve at this lot, is to combat the laws of nature, and fight againſt impoſſibilities. What wiſe man repines at the heat in ſummer, or the cold in winter? A common evil ceaſes to be an evil. But perhaps your melancholy ſuggeſts to you, that it is a diſmal thing to launch into an unknown abyſs. I anſwer: Sometimes I dream of dreadful things, but when I awake, all vaniſhes. Thus if we examine death and its conſequences by our reaſon, thoſe formidable monſters grow tame and familiar to

us. I would demand of him, who aſks me what eſtate I ſhall be in after death, what eſtate he was in before life? Pain and pleaſure will leave their impreſſions upon a human ſpirit. If I was either happy or miſerable before I was born, I muſt ſtiil retain the impreſſion; but I do not now, therefore I ſhall not hereafter; I came out of nothing, and ſhall return into it. As the flame of an extinguiſhed candle diſſolves and loſes itſelf in the circumambient air, even ſo the taper of life vaniſhes into ether, and is no more, when once the laws of the vital union are broken. Death itſelf is nothing, and after death is nothing; take courage, man: either die like yourſelf, maſter of your own fate and happineſs, ſo long as it is to be kept; or elſe recover, and live worthy the character of a perſon, who knows how either to live or die. So wiſhes," &c.

This letter was but fuel to the tormenting flame, before in the breaſt of the ſick gentleman; who immediately dictated the following anſwer:

Sir,

"Being not able to uſe my own, I have borrowed another hand, to anſwer your's. You ſay well, it is a more grateful office to endeavour to remove the diſorders of the mind, than of the body. What you urge of the common lot of mankind, as death and ſickneſs, I could wiſh were my caſe; but my affliction is, that deſpair and hell are the common lot of atheiſts. Now your argument cannot reach my caſe, unleſs you firſt prove that atheiſm is as inevitable as death and ſickneſs, and that therefore the effects of it are to be borne patiently, unleſs a man will combat neceſſity, and fight againſt the laws of fate. I have formerly uſed this way of arguing myſelf, but wonder now how I could ever think it concluſive. You ſay, that if we examine death and its ſuppoſed conſequences by our reaſon, thoſe formidable monſters grow tame and familiar; if, by our reaſon, you mean either that peculiar to atheiſts, or the common reaſon of human nature, I am ſure theſe monſters will grow leſs tame and familiar, the more we think of them: ſince no reaſon ſhews what an unexperienced death is, or what the change conſequent upon it, how can we judge of things we do not know? Reaſon on ſuch things as long as you pleaſe, and you will be at laſt as far from the truth, as when you began. Your argument is extremely weak about a pre-exiſtent and a future ſtate: I retain no impreſſion of paſt happineſs or miſery, therefore there is none to come; how that is a conſequence, I do not ſee. Next you would have me believe, upon your bare word, that death is nothing, and after death is nothing: pray how do you know, having not yet tried? There are a great many that ſay the contrary. I have only concerned myſelf with the rationality of your letter, that you may believe I am not diſtracted; which I would deſire you to believe, that what I am going to ſay may not have leſs weight with you. It is true, and whether you believe it or not, you will find it ſo at laſt; if I could force you to believe it, I would: All I can do is, to deal with you as a reaſonable creature, by opening my breaſt to you, and then leaving you at your liberty to act as you pleaſe. While we are in health and buſineſs, we may act contrary to our intentions, and plead for the thing we believe not; but when we come to die, the vizard is taken off, and the man appears as he is. This is my condition, and therefore I can have no motive to impoſe upon my friends. Religion is no impoſtor, heaven and hell are real, and the immortality of the ſoul as certain as the exiſtence of the body: for a time we have officiouſly deluded and cheated ourſe ves out of

religion and happineſs; and God, who will not always be deſpiſed by his creatures, has choſen me as an example to you all, and a warning to the lazy and indifferent chriſtian. But who, alas! can write his own tragedy without tears, or copy out the ſeal of his own damnation without horror! That there is a God, I know, becauſe I continually feel the effects of his wrath: that there is a *hell*, I am equally certain, having received an earneſt of my inheritance there already in my breaſt: that there is a natural conſcience, I now feel with horror and amazement, being continually upbraided by it with my impieties, and with all my ſins brought to my remembrance. Why God has marked me out for an example of his vengeance, rather than you, or any other of our acquaintance, I preſume is becauſe I have been more religiouſly educated, and have done greater deſpite to the Spirit of grace. What egregious folly is it for duſt and aſhes to contend with its Creator, to queſtion his juſtice, his power, yea, his very being; when, at the ſame time, without this God, every ſuch wretch would immediately fall into nothing, being without him not able to exiſt one moment! What vile ingratitude is it ſcurrilouſly to reflect on his religion, who died to reconcile ſuch reflecters to himſelf? Do not miſtake yourſelf; it is not a light matter to contend with the God of nature, to abuſe religion, and deny its author, (and what is worſt of all) to apoſtatize from it, as I have done. God has met with me for it, after a long forbearance of my inveterate impieties and profaneness. Let me intreat you to leave off your ſins; who knows but God may yet receive you? I ſpeak not this out of any love to virtue, or hatred of vice (for I am hardened and impenitently reprobate) but, like Dives, I am unwilling my brethren ſhould come into this place of torment. Make what uſe of this you pleaſe; only remember if it does not reclaim it will enhance your guilt, poſſibly to be overtaken in this world, as I am by the juſt judgment of God; if not, be ſure you will be met with hereafter, which is all from, &c."

As ſoon as the letter was read and ſent, the night being far worn, we all took our leave of him, wiſhing him good reſt, and a happier condition the next day. To which he replied, "Gentlemen, I thank you, but my happineſs is at an end; and as for my reſt to night, thus I ſpend the little remainder of my miſerable moments. All the eaſe I expect will be wiſhing for the day, as in the day-time I wiſh for the night, and in a fearful expectation of my diſſolution, and the account I muſt make upon it. But, Gentlemen, good night to you; and remember me, to confirm you in the religion I have diſowned, that you may ſtand more cautiouſly by my folly, and ſecure the happineſs I have forfeited."

The next day came ſeveral of his friends out of the country. Having had an account of his circumſtances, one of them told him that he and ſeveral more of his relations came to town, and were ſorry to find him in ſo weak a condition as he appeared to be in; for now he was nothing but ſkin and bone, the agonies he lay under doing the work of the quickeſt conſumption.

He anſwered, "I am obliged in common civility to thank you all: but who are my relations? Our Saviour ſaid, ſuch as did the will of his heavenly Father were his relations. I may properly ſay, that none but the Atheiſts, the reprobate, and ſuch as do the work of the devil, are my relations. This little tie of fleſh and blood will diſſolve in a moment, but the relation I have with the damned is permanent. The ſame lot, the ſame place of torment, the ſame exerciſe of blaſphemy, and the ſame eternity of horror, will be the

common lot of us all ; ſo the ſimilitude of torments, place, and duration, will join us in a very ſtrict union."

His friends, who only had heard he was diſtracted, hearing him deliver himſelf in ſuch terms, were amazed, and began to enquire of ſome of us, what made him talk at ſuch a rate ? He, hearing them whiſpering together, and imagining the cauſe, called them all to him, and ſaid,

" You imagine me melancholy or diſtracted : I wiſh I were either : but it is part of my judgment that I am not. No ; my apprehenſion of perſons and things is rather more quick and vigorous, than it was when I was in perfect health ; and it is my curſe, becauſe thereby I am more ſenſible of the condition I am fallen into. Would you be informed why I am become a ſkeleton in three or four days ? See now then I have deſpiſed my Maker, and denied my Redeemer ; I have joined myſelf to the Atheiſts and profane, and continued this courſe under many convictions, till my iniquity was ripe for vengeance, and the juſt judgments of God overtook me, when my ſecurity was the greateſt, and the cheeks of my conſcience were the leaſt. Since I have denied that ſalvation which cometh by Jeſus Chriſt, there is no other Mediator or Interceſſor for ſinners ; if there be, which is he that can redeem my ſoul from hell, or give a ranſom for my life ? No, no ; 'if we ſin wilfully after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remains no more ſacrifice for ſin, but a fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation to conſume the adverſary.' 'There remains no more ſacrifice for ſin,' that is the wound that pierces my ſoul. Chriſt Jeſus was the only expiatory ſacrifice God would accept ; I not accepting, I would ſay, I deſpiſing this, there remains no other for me to accept of, no other to make atonement and ſatisfaction for me ; there is no other name given under heaven but the name of Jeſus, whereby we may be ſaved, and it is that Jeſus whom I have reproached, and ridiculed, and abuſed in his members ; nay, to whom I have induced others to do the ſame. Methinks your breaſts are all open to me, and in the midſt of your pity and ſurpriſe, you would bid me hope and believe, and ſupplicate the mercy I have abuſed, becauſe Jeſus Chriſt came to ſave ſinners, and to bring to repentance. In that I know all your thoughts. Alas, how fain would I hope and believe ! Can a man in torments not deſire to be freed from them ? No, aſſure yourſelves I would upon any terms ; but the wrath of God obſtructs the power of hoping and believing, and though I would, I can do neither. I know not what ſome divines mean, who ſay, *He that deſires to repent, does it in ſome meaſure ;* I experience the contrary. A fruitleſs wiſh that comes not into act, is no more than a conviction which ſhall lay ſuch perſons under great condemnation. You would have me ſupplicate that mercy I have abuſed. Alas, of that I have no hopes, but what depend upon abuſed mercy ! But why ſaid I hopes ? I have no hopes ! My hopes are fruſtrated, my expectations are cut off ; and what remains behind ? Why am I bid to hope and believe ? Oh what mockery is this upon me ! To find me in miſery, and bid me be happy, without affording me any power of being ſo ! Indeed, ſhould Jeſus Chriſt ſay ſo to me, it would be comfort ; but for you to ſay ſo, is the ſame thing as to bid a malefactor ſhake off his chains, and aſſume his liberty ; or call up the dead to riſe out of their graves, and challenge their eſtates and honours again. How idle is it to bid the fire not burn, when fuel is adminiſtered, and to command the ſeas to be ſmooth in the midſt of

a ſtorm! Such is my caſe; and what are the comforts of my friends? But I am ſpent, I can complain no more. Would to God that the cauſe of my complaining would ceaſe! The cauſe of my complaining! this renews my grief, and ſummons up the little ſtrength I have left to complain again, like an expiring blaze, before it is extinguiſhed. It is juſt ſo with me; but whither am I going?"

As he ſaid this, he fainted away, and lay in a ſwoon for a conſiderable time; but, by the help of ſome ſpirits, we brought him to himſelf again. As ſoon as he had opened his eyes, he ſaid, "Oh, cruel, unkind friends, to awaken me from a dream, in which I had a ceſſation from my torments!" This he ſpoke with ſo lively a concern, that no one could refrain from tears. "You weep," ſaid he, but your tears come too late. Was I like another perſon that goes out of the world, it would be one of my greateſt troubles to ſee you weep, or at beſt it would add to my pains; for he muſt be unnatural and ſenſeleſs that would not be troubled at the afflictions of others, eſpecially his friends and relations. But the caſe is otherwiſe with me. My cup is full, and runs over already; the bitterneſs of my ſoul is as great as it poſſibly can be in this world; my heart is full of horror and anguiſh; no grief can add to mine, being ſo great, that it is incapable of receiving more. Perhaps this may ſeem a paradox to you at firſt; but what think you of time, and eternity which comprehends and ſwallows up all time? Can any one add any thing to wrath of God, which includes the fury of devils and men; this being derivative from, and independent of that? And can any one add to my grief and torture, who am fallen into the hands of the living God? No no; reſerve your tears for your ſins, and caſt them not away upon one, who is neither the better nor the worſe for them." You may eaſily imagine what impreſſions this would make upon the ſpirits of his friends. However, in the midſt of their grief and amazement, they had the prudence to think of the reputation of their family, and to provide for as much ſecrecy as was poſſible.

They therefore conveyed him by night to new lodgings. But he was grown ſo weak that he fainted away ſeveral times in the chair; they got him into his chamber, and to bed as ſoon as they could. After a little reſt, he yet found ſtrength to expreſs himſelf thus:

"I am not concerned to know whither you have brought me, or your reaſons for ſo doing. It had been ſomething, if you had changed my ſtate with my lodgings; but my torments are greater than before; for I ſee that diſmal hour juſt at hand, when I muſt bid you all farewell."

The phyſicians were now ſent for again, but they ſtill declared they could do nothing for him; only they ordered him ſome cordial julep, which they ſaid might ſtrengthen nature to hold out two or three days longer.

My buſineſs calling me away for a day or two, I came again on Thurſday morning pretty early; when I came in, I inquired of his friends how he ſpent his time. They told me he had had little company; and his expreſſions were much ſhorter than before; but what he did ſpeak ſeemed to have more horror and deſpair than before. I went to his bed-ſide, and asked him how he did.

He replied, "damned and loſt forever." I told him the decrees of God were ſecret; perhaps he was puniſhed in this life to fit him for a better. He anſwered, "they are not ſecret to me, but diſcovered; and my greateſt torment, my puniſhment here, is for an example to others. Oh, that there was no God, or that this God could ceaſe to be, for I am ſure he will have no mercy upon me!"—"Alas," ſaid I, "there is

no contending with our Creator, and therefore avoid ſuch words as may provoke him more."—"True," replied he, "there is no contending; I wiſh there were a poſſibility of getting above God, that would be a heaven to me." I entreated him not to give way to ſuch blaſphemous thoughts, for——. Here he interrupted me. "Read we not in the Revelations of them that blaſphemed God, becauſe of their pains? I am one of their number. Oh, how do I envy the happineſs of Cain and Judas?—"But," replied I, "you are yet alive, and do not feel the torments of thoſe, that are in hell."

He anſwered, "This is either true or falſe; if it be true, how heavy will thoſe torments be, of which I do not yet feel the uttermoſt? But I know it is falſe, and that I endure more than the ſpirits of the damned; for I have the very ſame torture upon my ſpirits that they have, beſides thoſe I endure in my body. I believe at the day of judgment the torments of my mind and body will both together be more intenſe; but as I now am, no ſpirit in hell endures what I do. How gladly would I change my condition for hell! How earneſtly would I entreat my angry Judge to ſend me thither, were I not afraid that out of vengeance he would deny me!" Here he cloſed his eyes a little, and began to talk very wildly, every now and then groaning and gnaſhing his teeth; but ſoon after, opening his eyes, he grew ſenſible again, and felt his own pulſe, ſaying, "How lazily my minutes go on! When will be the laſt breath, the laſt pulſe, that ſhall beat my ſpirit out of this decayed manſion, into the deſired regions of death and hell? Oh! I find it is juſt now at hand! and what ſhall I ſay now? Am not I afraid again to die? Ah, the forlorn hopes of him that has not God to go to! Nothing to fly to for peace and comfort!" Here his ſpeech failed him: we all believing him to be dying, went to prayer; which threw him into an agony; in which, though he could not ſpeak, he turned away his face, and made what noiſe he could to hinder himſelf from hearing. Perceiving this, we gave over.

As ſoon as he could ſpeak, (which was not till after ſome time) he ſaid, "Tygers and monſters, are ye alſo become devils to torment me, and give me a proſpect of heaven, to make my hell more intolerable?"

"Alas, Sir," ſaid I, "it is our deſire of your happineſs that caſts us down at the throne of grace; if God denies aſſiſtance, who elſe can give it? If he will not have mercy, whither muſt we go for it?"

He replied, "Oh, that is the dart that wounds me! God is become my enemy, and there is none ſo ſtrong as to deliver me out of his hands. He conſigns me over to eternal vengeance, and there is none able to redeem me! Was there ſuch another God as he, who would patronize my cauſe; or was I above God, or independent on him; could I act or diſpoſe of myſelf as I pleaſed; then would my horrors ceaſe, and the expectations and deſigns of my formidable enemies be fruſtrated. But oh! this cannot be, for I——."

His voice failed again, and he began to ſtruggle and gaſp for breath; which having recovered, with a groan ſo dreadful and horrid, as if it had been more than human, he cried out, "OH, THE UNSUFFERABLE PANGS OF HELL AND DAMNATION!" and then expired. V. D.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

THE Conſtitution of this Society for promoting Chriſtian knowledge was draughted; and, after mature deliberation, it was ſigned by the founders of the Society, on the firſt day of September, 1803. The fol-

lowing is part of the preamble:——

"We, whose names are underwritten, do hereby, in the fearof God, and love of man, solemnly associate ourselves for the benevolent purpose of promoting evangelical truth and piety; in the first place, by a charitable distribution of some of the best religious books and tracts "among "poor and pious Christians, to whom "such writings may be peculiarly "grateful, and also among the in-"habitants of new towns and planta-"tions, or other places, where the "means of religious knowledge and "instruction are but sparingly en-"joyed;" and in process of time, if ability permit, and circumstances appear to require it, by supporting charity schools, or pious Missionaries, in the places just described, for the express purpose of instructing and establishing the young and ignorant in the truth of the gospel, and the great doctrines of our holy religion; by the name of the Massachusetts Society for promoting Christian Knowledge; and on the following fundamental principles, which, together with the foregoing preamble, are hereby adopted and declared to be the Constitution of this Society."

The object of the Society may be judged of by the 3d Article in their Constitution, viz.

"The books, to be distributed by this Society in the present and in all future time, shall be "Bibles, Testaments and Psalters;" and such books of human composition, and such only, as are directly and happily calculated to establish the truth, and to preserve "the essential and distinguishing "doctrines of the gospel, as profes-"sed by our pious ancestors, the first "settlers of New-England; viz. the "Westminster Assembly's Shorter "Catechism, Dr. Watts' Divine "Songs for children, Dr. Hemmen-"way's Discourse to children, Dr. "Doddridge's Address to the Mas-"ter of a Family on family relig-"ion, his Sermons on the religious "education of children, his Rise and "Progress of Religion in the soul, "Mason's Treatise on Self-Knowl-"edge, Henry's Discourse concern-"Meekness, and Orton's Discourses "to the aged;" which are to be considered as marking the characters of other books, which may be distributed consistently with the true design of this Society."

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

Eliphalet Pearson, LL.D. President.
Hon. John Treadwell, Esq. Vice-P.
Abiel Holmes, D. D. Clerk.
Jedidiah Morse, D. D. Secretary.
Caleb Gannett, Esq. Treasurer.
Rev. William Greenough, Librarian.

The above officers, together with the following, are Resident Members.

Samuel Abbot, Esq.; Rev. Joshua Bates; Rev. Daniel Chaplin; Wm. Coombs, Esq.; Rev. Joseph Dana, D. D.; Rev. Peter Eaton; Samuel Farrar, Esq.; *Rev. Eli Forbes, D. D.; Rev. Jona. French; *Rev. Levi Frisbie; Mr. William Hilliard; Rev. David Kellog; Rev. James Kendall; Rev. Joseph Lyman, D. D.; Mark Newman, A. M. *Preceptor of Phil. Acad.*; Hon. John Phillips, jr. Esq.; Rev. Thomas Prentiss; Rev. Samuel Stearns; Dr. James Thacher; Rev. Benjamin Wadsworth; Mr. Samuel H. Walley; Rev. Daniel Dana.

CORRESPONDING MEMBERS.

Rev. Abiel Abbot, Connecticut,
Rev. Archibald Alexander, Virginia,
Rev. Jesse Appleton, New-Hampshire,
Hon. Elias Boudinot, LL.D. N. Jersey,
Rev. Walter Buchanan, D.D. Edinburg,
Rev. J. Buckminster, D.D. N. Hamp.
Rev. George Burder, D.D. London,
Rev. W. Hollinshead, D.D. S. Carolina,
Rev. Isaac S. Keith, D.D. do.
Rev. William Maffit, Virginia,
Rev. James Muir, D. D. do.
Rev. Seth Payson, New-Hampshire,
Rev. Mase Shepard, Rhode-Island.

* *Deceased.*

NAMES OF THE MEMBERS OF THE PISCATAQUA MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

In the firſt number of the Magazine the Conſtituion of the Piſcataqua Miſſionary Society was publiſhed: but the liſt of the Members was not then given. It has been ſince judged expedient to publiſh them, together with a repetition of that article of the Conſtitution, by which memberſhip is formed, or diſcontinued.

"Article IX. Any perſon may become a member of this Society, by ſubſcribing his name to the Conſtitution, and paying to the Treaſurer for the purpoſes of the inſtitution *two dollars*. Each miniſter, belonging to the Society, will at any time admit members upon the condition aforeſaid. Each ſubſcriber ſhall be held to pay *two dollars* annually to the Treaſurer, until he ſhall expreſs to the Secretary in writing a deſire of being diſconnected: which deſire being thus expreſſed, the memberſhip ceaſes of courſe."

A liſt of the Members, thus qualified, follows:—

A

Names.	*Reſidence.*
Rev. Jacob Abbot,	Hamptonfalls.
Timothy Alden, jr.	Portſmouth.
Jeſſe Appleton,	Hampton.
Benjamin Abbot, Eſq.	Exeter.
Capt. Ezra Abbot,	Wilton.
Charles H. Atherton, Eſq.	Amherſt.

B

Rev. Jeremiah Barnard,	Amherſt.
Iſaac Briggs,	York, Maine.
Thomas Beede,	Wilton.
J. Buckminſter, D. D.	Portſmo.
Capt. Samuel Boardman.	
Robert Blunt.	
Simon Brown,	Northampton.

C

Rev. Samuel Chandler,	Kittery, Me.
Enoch M. Clark.	Portſmouth.
Capt. Samuel Chauncey.	
Samuel Chapman,	Northampton.
Peter Coffin,	Portſmouth.
William S. Cooper.	
Ammi R. Cutter, M. D.	Portſmouth.
Jacob Cutter,	
Edward Cutts.	

D

Nathan Dean,	Portſmouth.
Jonathan Drake,	Rye.
Abraham Drake,	Northampton.
Nathaniel Drake.	

E

David Everett, Eſq.	Amherſt.

F

Rev. Jonathan French,	Northampton.
Samuel Farrar, Eſq.	Andover, Ms.
Amos Fernald,	Portſmouth.
Capt. Theodore Furber.	

G

George Gains, Eſq.	Portſmouth.
Deac. Jonathan Garland,	Hampton.
Hon. J. T. Gilman, Eſq.	Exeter.

H

Hon. Samuel Hale, Eſq.	Portſmo.
Deac. A. R. Hall.	
Stacy Hall.	
Stacy Hall, jun.	
Abner Haines,	Northampton.
Oliver Hamilton,	Portſmouth.
Richard Hart.	
Samuel Haven.	
Joſeph Haven.	
Nathaniel A. Haven.	
Henry Haven.	
William Haven.	
Deac. Job Harris.	
Samuel Hill.	
James Hill.	
John B. Hill.	
Eliſha Hill.	
Eliſha Hill, jr.	
William Hill.	
Silas Holman.	
Joſeph Hobbs,	Northampton.
Jonathan Hobbs.	
Maj. Solomon Hopkins,	Milford.
Ivory Hovey, M. D.	Berwick, Me.
Iſrael Howe,	Portſmouth.
Michael Hooker.	

L

Rev. Iſaac Lyman,	York, Me.
Joſeph Langdon,	Newington.
Joſeph Litchfield,	Kittery, Me.
Henry Ladd,	Portſmouth.
Deac. John Lamprey,	Hampton.
Samuel Lane,	Stratham.
William Langdon,	Portſmouth.

Mrs. Abigail Leavitt, Northampton.
Paul Leighton, Portſmouth.
Benjamin Leverett.
Col. Thomas Leavitt, Northampton.
David Locke, Rye.
Maj. Edward J. Long, Portſmouth.
Samuel Lord.
Gen. John Lord, Berwick, Me.
Deac. William Lovejoy, Milford.

M

Rev. James Miltimore, Stratham.
Humphrey Moore, Milford.
Deac. Nathaniel Marden, Rye.
William Marden.
Deac. John Marſhall, Portſmouth.
John March,
Clement March, jun.
Thomas Means, Milford.
Col. Robert Means, Amherſt.
Jeremiah Maſon, Eſq. Portſmouth.
Nehemiah Moulton, Rye.

N

Reuben Naſon, Gorham, Maine.
Winthrop B. Norton, Berwick, Me.

P

Rev. Aſa Piper, Wakefield.
Huntington Porter, Rye.
Edward Parry, Portſmouth.
Hon. Oliver Peabody, Eſq. Exeter.
Deac. Samuel Penhallow, Portſmo.
John Penhallow.
John Pierce.
Charles Pierce.
Jacob S. Pickering.
Mrs. Martha Poor, Exeter.

R

James Rundlet, Portſmouth.
John P. Roſs, Portſmouth.

S

Rev. Napthali Shaw, Kenſington.
Jeremiah Sanborn, Portſmouth.
Hon. David Sewall, Eſq. York, Me.
Daniel Sewall, Eſq.
John B. Sewall, Portſmouth.
Jacob Sheaffe. Thomas Sheaffe.
Jacob Sheaffe, jr. Hon. James Sheaffe.
Daniel R. Sheaffe. John Shapley.
James Shapley. Iſaac Shepherd.
Samuel Sherburne.
Hon. Jeremiah Smith, Exeter.
George F. Smith, Portſmouth.
Chriſtopher Smith, Northampton.
George Sullivan, Eſq. Exeter.
William Stanwood, Portſmouth.

T

Rev. John Tompſon, Berwick, Me.
Amos Tappan, Portſmouth.
Hon. Samuel Tenney, Eſq. Exeter.
Jeremiah Tilton.
Ebenezer Thompſon, Portſmouth.

W

Col. Seth Walker, Portſmouth.
William Walker.
Hon. Paine Wingate.

NOTE. It ought to have been mentioned, in connexion with Mr. THURSTON's Journal, that he was ſent from this Society. He, together with Rev. Mr. M'GREGORE, of Bedford, have been Miſſionaries the laſt ſeaſon. They make a report highly favourable. An account of their miſſions will in due time be publiſhed.

POETRY.....WINTER NIGHT.....[*From the Monthly Anthology.*]

HAIL Winter! ſullen monarch! dark with clouds:
Throned on bleak waſtes, and fierce and cold with ſtorms;
Welcome thy blaſting cold and treaſured ſnow!
Thy raving, rending winds do but compoſe
My ſoul; and, midſt thy gloom, my heart
Smiles like the opening ſpring. Thy long drear nights,
Winter, I hail. The cold receding ſun
I love to follow to the cloudy weſt,
And ſee thy twilight deepen into gloom
Of thickeſt darkneſs. Round my cheering fire,
How I enjoy the gliſtening eye, and ſmile,
And burning cheek, and prattle innocent,
Of my dear little ones; and when *they* ſink
With heavy eyes into the arms of ſleep,

Peaceful, and ſmiling ſtill, and breathing ſoft ;
How pleaſant glide the hours in converſe pure
With her, whom firſt I lov'd ; who long has crown'd
My joys, and ſoothed me with her gentle voice,
Under a load of ſorrows ; who has felt
The power of truth divine ; and from whoſe lips
I catch the peace and love of ſaints in heaven.
Vain world ! We envy not your joys. Nor hear
Your rattling chariot wheels, and weep for you ;
We weep that ſouls immortal can find joy
In forcing laughter, diſſipating thought,
In the looſe ſtage, the friſking dance, the pomp,
And forms and ornaments of poliſh'd life,
In heartleſs hypocritic ſhow of love,
In giddy nonſenſe, in contempt of truth,
Which elevates the ſoul, and ſwells the heart
With hope of holy bliſs. We mourn your waſte
Of mind, of ſtrength, of wealth. Think, thoughtleſs world,
How many fatherleſs and widows pine
In want ; how many ſhiver in the ſtorm.
Over a dying flame, how many cower
In ſome poor hovel, preſſing to their breaſts
Their little ones, to ſave them from the cold.
Oh think, what aching hearts ye might relieve !
What brooding ſorrows ye might cheer ! What tears
Of friendleſs, naked, moaning poverty
Ye might wipe off with lenient ſympathy.
Oh Winter, I can bear thy howling ſtorms.
Riſe but a few more ſuns, and all thy blaſts
Will ſoften. Yon waſte fields will ſmile in green ;
The branches ſwell with infant buds ; the groves
Reſound with nature's melody. But MAN,
MY KIN, lies deſolate. A wintry blaſt
Has chilled his heart, frozen the circling blood
Of ſympathy, and blighted the ſweet fruits
Of love. How bleak and waſte ! In vain the Sun
Of Righteouſneſs ſheds bright and healing beams.
In vain does HE, who died on Calvary,
Extend his hands, bleeding with wounds of love.
Man ſtill is cold and wintry ; ſtill is hard,
And melts not into mercy.—This vain world
Is colder than the northern skies. But FAITH
Looks o'er the icy mountains, looks beyond
The wintry clouds, and ſees unfading bloom
Of paradiſe, ſees peaceful ſtreams of joy,
And warm effulgence of the God of love.
And hark ! a gentle voice now calls, *" Ariſe,
And come away. The winter's paſt and gone,
The flowers appear ; the birds with tranſport hail
The ſpring. The turtle's plaintive voice is heard ;
The fig-tree bends with figs. The fragrant wine
Preſents the tender grape. Ariſe and ſee
Millennial happineſs, the reign of peace and love."

* *Canticles* ii. 10.